The Tragedy of Othello the Moore of Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Rod. Vſh; Neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this

Iag. But you'le not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.

Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate,

Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre:
Non-ſuits my Mediators: for certes, (ſayes he)
I haue already choſe my Officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetitian,
One *Michael Caſsio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damb'd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diuiſion of a Battell knowes,
More then a Spinſter, vnleſſe the bookiſh Theorique,
Wherin the tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he: meere prattle without practiſe,
Is all his Soul dier-ſhip: but he ſir had the election,
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeene the proofe,
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other grounds,
Chriſtn'd and Heathen, muſt be be-leed and calm'd,
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-Caſter: